

## Crawford Co. Directory

### COUNTY OFFICERS

Sheriff..... J. F. Hall  
Clerk..... J. P. Bell  
Register..... O. J. Bell  
Treasurer..... Wm. Woodburn  
Pro. Attorney..... M. J. Colborne  
Judge of Probate..... W. Batterson  
C. C. Commissioner..... M. J. Colborne  
Surveyor..... L. E. Newman  
Coroner, W. H. Sherman M. J. Atwood

REPRESENTERS  
State Assembly  
South Branch  
Beaver Creek  
Maple Forest  
Grayling  
Pawpawville  
Ball  
Center Point  
W. C. Johnson  
Jacob Sherk  
T. E. Hastings  
M. H. Hoy  
John C. Johnson  
M. S. Johnson  
Chas. Jackson  
A. W. Lovell

### SOCIETY MEETINGS

M. E. CHURCH, Reverend G. S. Wain Postor, Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 1-2 p.m.; 6 o'clock P. M. Chas. Meeting, at 10 A. M., and Sunday School at 12 M. Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7-2 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 338, F. & A. M., meets in regular communication on Thursday Evening, on or before the full of the moon. Transient members are cordially invited to attend.

J. O. HADLEY, W. M.

A. TAYLOR, Sec.

MAURIN POST, G. A. R., No. 240, meets the 2nd Saturday in each month.

O. L. BELD, POST-CHIEF

J. J. COVENTRY, Adj.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY

MRS. R. W. MITCHELL & CO.,  
Milliner and Dress-maker,  
GRAYLING, MICH.

Wellington & Swarthout,  
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN OFFICE,  
Andre Block,  
SAGINAW CITY, MICH.

MAIN J. CORNING,  
Attorney at Law,  
GRAYLING, MICH.

F. F. THATCHER, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
GRAYLING, MICH.

Office and residence in the Hospital Building, on Cedar Street.

Grayling House,

Wild & Wheeler, Prop's.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The Grayling House is conveniently situated, being near the depot and business houses, is newly built, and furnished throughout in first-class style. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests. Fine sample rooms for commercial travelers.

The Bay City Tribune says: The

democratic congressmen give very poor reasons for their opposition to the Nicaraguan and other treaties negotiated by President Arthur, namely, that their ratification might embarras the new administration. Congress, not the administration, makes the law and determines the commercial

policy of the nation. The higher consideration that should determine the action upon the treaties is whether they are calculated to benefit the country. If that is decided in the administration's favor, the administration should be presumed,

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The Bay City Tribune says: The

high license law of Illinois has re-

duced the number of saloons in Chicago

within six months from 3,800 to 2,200,

and has added \$7,500,000 to the reve-

nue of the city. Under the new law

\$500 is the minimum tax, and any

community can make it as high as

they please. The law has worked so

well in Illinois that the Chicago Tri-

bune says "no attempt to repeat it

would be laughed out of the legisla-

ture." In some of the Illinois towns

where the tax is \$1,000 the num-

ber of saloons have been cut

down one-half, and the time devoted

to the police courts to cases of drunk-

ness and disorderly conduct is very

greatly abridged.

The Art Amateur

For February contains the usual

profusion of designs for art work, in-

cluding decorations for a dessert-plate

(asters), a double tile (wisteria), panels

in carved walnut and, repousse brass,

and embroidery designs for a blotter,

a picture mount and six doilies (signs

of the zodiac humorously treated).

The notable feature of the number is

a striking double-page drawing by Geo. Wharton Edwards, representing

two boatmen "putting off" in a stormy

sea. Six clever sketches by this rising

young artist, and three by Jan Chel-

mekin, a Polish landscape painter of

note, are also given. There are arti-

cles of special interest on the light-

ing and decoration of picture galleries,

on modelling in clay and wax, on re-

cent Doubtless, "and on Bustle Epo-

page, the famous French painter re-

cently deceased. The supply of hints

and directions for art-workers is gen-

erally up-to-date, and "My Note

book" and the dramatic feuilleton are

especially entertaining. Price, 35 cents

Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Uni-

versity Square, New York.

HELP for smoking people. Send 10 cents

postage and we will mail you a sample box of "Zounds" Royal Cigarettes.

They will be sent you in a few days, then you can thought

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# The Avalanche.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

O. PALMER, PROPRIETOR.

## ARAB LOVE SONG.

BY SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

The love fires glitter in the sky,  
The earth is lit with golden light,  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

The earth is filled with dreamy light,  
The night winds scatter odors sweet,  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

One night what scented odors sweet,  
It wakes the slumber-hued flowers,  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

It wakes the summer-hued flowers,  
It wakes the sun in song,  
Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

My heart, why tarry thou so long?

The rosy way above the gate,  
My heart, why tarry thou so long?

The roses away above the gate,  
They scatter blossoms, red and white,  
My heart, why tarry thou so long?

Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

## NO MURDERER.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

"You will have trouble yet with that fellow," said Tom, irritably.

"I shook the ashes from my cigar—  
a first-class article which one might have enjoyed under almost any circumstances. Then I answered, slowly:

"Two no doubt of it."

Of course I agreed with Tom; he had been in that region before and knew the ways of the inhabitants.

But Tom had ceased smoking, and was looking grave.

"You will have trouble," he repeated.

"I hate to leave you here, Jack."

"Bull!" I laughed. "Haven't I a pair of six-shooters in my trunk there?"

"Get them out of your trunk," he suggested. "Keep them handy."

"And I am a pretty good shot, don't you think?"

"In a shooting-gallery, up home. It is different when somebody gets the drop on you."

We were silent for a time. Tom appeared contemplative. I imagined his best thoughts were up home, just at that moment, where a certain fair he was interested in was staying.

We had come South a few weeks previous as promoters of a new railroad. We were temporarily located in a small town half-way between the Brazos and the Colorado, and not far from the capital. Here we had fitted up our office and bachelor apartments a couple of pleasant rooms in the second story of a new brick building a short distance from the railroad station, and as yet no tragedy had resulted.

But Tom (surname Phillips, mine Lester), my closest friend, my comrade in business and pleasure, was actually ill at ease. He was going to Austin the following morning to remain several days, leaving me at home to manage affairs and guard carefully the documents of the corporation.

So far well and good. But I, on my part, had been unfortunate enough that very afternoon to incur the displeasure of the "Major," who was said to stay with a few compatriots as he would feel to eat his dinner—or something of the sort. This native, "Major" Dawson by name, had been anxious for some time to furnish us, at—us, he claimed—the lowest figure with such supplies—mules for one thing—as we should shortly need for actual work in opening up our new road. We had concluded to buy of him; the trade had all but been completed, when, by purest chance, I had discovered that he was going to swindle us unmercifully. Without pausing to consult Tom, who happened to be absent, I had sent down to Dawson's store, a few squares distant, asking him to come up at once. And when he had appeared I had confronted him with my knowledge of his intentions. Of course he denied it up and down, but I had the proofs, and was not to be deceived.

"It is no matter," I had said; "you may count the trade off."

He had sprung to his feet, making a quick motion, as if to draw some weapon. Then suddenly he had seemed to reconsider. With an oath and a threat that we should not get out of so easily, he had left the place.

I noticed, however, that the door of one of the little closets was slightly ajar. It was the closet on the opposite side of the hall. Owing to the direction in which the door opened, any one hiding in the closet could not see me through the aperture, so that I was safe enough.

It is said that a violin played among a flock of geese will start them to dancing. Every one who had attended a dance is aware of this fact.—*Newman Independent*.

A lady in Connecticut has a harp 300 years old, and Johnson says he wants her to come to his boarding-house and match it against a piano he hears there every day.—*Cincinnati Merchant*.

I paused to consider. Hero was a comfortable prospect. I should have to postpone my departure from town until the following morning.

I heard the accommodation thunderously into the town. I backed slowly up to my own door, reached a hand behind for the knob, when suddenly I felt a grand disgust at my own cowardice, a recklessness to investigate that opposite closet.

I sprang forward with three long strides, snatched the door open, and rushed against—Dawson!

I was quick enough to knock his weapon out of his hand.

In the struggle that followed we rolled out and over and over on the floor of the hall.

He was desperately vicious; I was viciously desperate. We choked and pummeled one another for an indefinite space. Strangely enough, we made but little noise.

I gained upon him, and presently was holding him down, with a firm grip at his throat. I knew it would not do to let him go; it did not occur to me to call for assistance. I only kept on thumping him soundly, regardless of consequences.

"You coward!" I said, and thought.

"I've no time to argue," I said. "You might as well let the matter drop. I don't propose to quarrel with you; I'm not killing people just now; I'm no murderer."

I went home then.

Somehow I felt strangely lonesome when evanescence had come, and I went off alone to the hotel where Tom and I took our meals.

As I sat eating my supper, a dispatch was brought from Tom asking me to follow by the first train, my presence in Austin being highly important.

Before leaving the hotel, I made some inquiries, and found, as I had thought, there was an accommodation due at 10 o'clock, or a few minutes later. I determined to take this, not wait until the following morning.

As I left the office, I met the story

"Major" just entering. He glared at me like a wild beast. I could hardly understand any one's working up such a state of deadly hatred on such short notice. Nevertheless, it was quite apparent how he felt.

He went but also he clutched at and dragged me with him. It was a terrible fall. I was stunned for a moment; then I felt a horrible pain in my arm. I picked myself up as best I could, and after a brief survey of my enemy—my fallen enemy—silence and motionless I entered the store, aroused the sleeping proprietor, and told my story!

And Dawson? O, no, he was not killed. It takes a deal to kill some people. But he was laid up for weeks. Tom and I had decided that headquarters should be further down toward the Gulf.

He was tall and sinewy, quick of sight and motion. In his anger he face assumed an expression of malice far easier to remember than describe. He was, however, a man of certain respectability, possessed of some little property and influence. I had heard so much of the ways of that country, that I even imagined he might administer a good dose of cold lead to a stranger like myself, deliver himself up to some friendly Justice of the Peace, and be instantly acquitted, on grounds of self-defense. I lowered the curtains of my windows, and, lighting the lamp, arranged a few articles to take on my journey. I felt a little nervous and a good deal angry. I remembered that some of the people over at the hotel had looked at me with curious interest. Like them, we were working for an old fellow named Col. Friday, who lived in a great barracks of a house on the Mokelumne River. It was all that was left of old Mokelumne City. Friday had been rich once but now the old man was poor as Job's turkey, and all he had was a falsehood, an old horse, that track of a house, and a pretty young wife that he picked up—the Lord knows where or how. The old man was trying to make a living cutting willow cordwood and float it down in his flat to Sacramento. We followed out the word for him at 75 cents a day and chuck. One night there came along an old-time rustler. He loved his never worked and he never intended to. He didn't have a cent, but all he slept on the floor wherever we pleased in our blanket and did the same. For two or three days the "rustler" didn't do anything but borrow tobacco and get credit at the whisky-jug old Col. Friday called his bar. Then a fellow came from the San Joaquin wheat-fields, where he'd been harvesting, pretty full. He was a happy sort of fellow, and thought he'd like to be a great gambler. The "rustler" took him under instructions. Somebody had given him a cigar, and he, in his "honest" money-belt, took it. They played two days and a night steady, and then the "rustler" had all the money of the man that came in from San Joaquin—about \$500 reckoned so he went to work and made him a safe box out of an old cigar-box, marked out a lay-out with a piece of charcoal on a board, and pinned it to the wall.

It was near 10 o'clock, and I was ready to start to the station, when I heard, or fancied I heard, a creaking sound in the hall. I listened; but was still.

I went to the door and looked out. No one was in sight. I closed the door and went back, provoked at my own trepidation. Yet somehow I heitated as to leaving the place.

I turned down the light and went to look out of the window. The street was still enough. The light from the chandelier I had to start with as few compatriots as he would feel to eat his dinner—or something of the sort. This native, "Major" Dawson by name, had been anxious for some time to furnish us, at—us, he claimed—the lowest figure with such supplies—mules for one thing—as we should shortly need for actual work in opening up our new road. We had concluded to buy of him; the trade had all but been completed, when, by purest chance, I had discovered that he was going to swindle us unmercifully. Without pausing to consult Tom, who happened to be absent, I had sent down to Dawson's store, a few squares distant, asking him to come up at once. And when he had appeared I had confronted him with my knowledge of his intentions. Of course he denied it up and down, but I had the proofs, and was not to be deceived.

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## NEWS CONDENSED.

### Concise Record of the Week.

#### EASTERN.

A box containing a jumping-jack was the other day sent to O'Donovan Ross, who caused it to be carefully opened as it contained an funeral memento. Mrs. Dudley received a postal card filed with curses and a letter in red ink threatening her life. Ross had for some time before his late adventure with Mrs. Dudley been in receipt of many threatening letters. He attacked but little importance to them, however. The evening preceding his attempted assassination Ross made a very forcible speech in New York. An extract reads as follows:

"I believe not an Irish heart exists in America, or the whole world, but wept for joy at the news of the explosion last week. I would speak one thousand and take them to England. I know 300,000 men and go to London with me and go into 300 houses and tell them that I have 300,000 men. I hundred thousand men to tell them of night will strike fear into England. Be pest the dogs until Ireland is free. England complains because we use a little dynamite. I tell you before long she will get more of it. And this country is passing have against dynamite manufacturer. Bob Arthur's being made a fool of. What right has he to ask Congress in his message to annex us? It's English gold and English detectives are making a fool of him."

The proprietors of the Hotel Brunswick, at New York, made an arrangement giving preferences for \$50,000.

United States Treasury officials say that the \$50,000,000 in gold of legal tender has been diverted from its proper use by the Government's financial policy.

R. B. Cornell, a member of the Cornell family of New York, was found dead in his law office at Rochester, N. Y.

Glenmore Todd, a clerk, is held in heavy jail at Philadelphia for embezzling about \$150,000 from the Provincial Life and Trust Company.

Richard Short, who stabbed Capt. Phelan in New York, was held in \$3,000 at the Tomba Police Court. Phelan asked for protection by the police, as his left arm hung in a sling, and then requested the privilege of carrying weapons to defend himself from Short.

#### WESTERN.

A train on the Colorado Central Road was blown from the track, near Georgetown, into a ditch, causing injuries to eighteen of the passengers.

The unlicensed association of barb-wire manufacturers met last week at St. Louis, and agreed to advance prices 1 cent per pound. Fifty delegates of the equitable, or unlicensed association, were present. President J. W. Gates, of the former society, believes that a syndicate will be perfected which will reduce to the market of all the manufacturers.

Ashland (Oregon) dispatch: Alexander Jones, a man-servant from Grant's Pass to Wilder, Mrs. George Gibson and her two children, and Mr. McClellan were drowned while attempting to ford Applegate Creek, which was swollen by the recent rains.

On Shaw's Island, Washington Territory, a lunatic, who lived in a lonely spot, killed a munter, and, later, shot and killed one of Sheriff's posse. The latter then burned him out, the murderer being gone.

The Kelly barb-wire patent, owned by Washburn & Moen, expired, and its license is controlled in Joliet. The Golden Rule, also owned by Washburn, has been declared void at St. Louis, and is being contested at Louisville, which leads a "monsoon" manufacturer at Joliet to believe that a crisis in the barb-wire industry is at hand.

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Independence (Kansas) dispatch: A horrible murder near the village of Radical City, in this county, was discovered by Frank Bonham, the eldest son of a widow living on a farm near that place. On his return home after a three days' absence, he found his mother, brother, and sister murdered. To all appearance they had been dead a day or two.

John Monaghan, once a well-known marine engineer of Detroit, but late years engaged in lumbering, has been killed. At Muskegon, Mich., Philip Lyons seriously wounded his wife with a revolver and then killed himself. For years he had done no work on their farm, and she sought relief by removing to the city with her three children.

At Vincennes, Ind., Henry Stratton killed his father-in-law and fatally injured his wife. The murderer had four children very ill of typhoid fever, and was probably driven insane by grief and religious fanaticism.

The Union Pacific Road reports its gross earnings for 1884 at \$25,701,000.

The assignment is announced of D. W. Miller, proprietor of the carriage company of the same name in Cincinnati. His liabilities are \$160,000, with assets of \$125,000.

MASKED BURGLARS entered Philip Glass' house, near Dayton, Ohio, bound and gagged Glass and his sister and demanded \$1,000, which was in the house. The robbers tortured Glass for three hours, and while he was suffering they enjoyed themselves smoking and eating, but departed without the money.

#### SOUTHERN.

Elijah Wease, aged 76, arrested in West Virginia for murder, confessed that he killed twelve persons prior to or during the years of the war. He was also founder of a band of robbers who ravaged that section of the country.

At the gate of a farm in Worth County, Georgia, Sheriff Shivers and Frank Bontrager, who had been warm friends, suddenly drew revolvers and fired while grasping. They fell dead locked in each other's arms.

F. W. Washburn, who has been in the Arkansas Lunatic Asylum, lost his reason through serving as a witness against a murderer in Monroe County, and, cherishing a fear that the condemned man would appear and take his life.

Citizens of Bland County, Virginia, mounted and armed, took from jail a young colored murderer and riddled him with bullets.

Wayne Powers and George Gibson were hanged at Eatonton, Ga., for the murder of William Gibson in April last. Both addressed the crowd, acknowledging the crime. Powers confessed that he attempted to murder his own brother and many others. He ascribed all his woes to whisky, cards, and pistols. The killing was for \$12 and a suit of clothes. Gibson joked and laughed about the rope and some persons up the trees who were looking on.

A committee of exhibitors has been sent to Washington by the managers of the New Orleans Exposition, to apprise the Com-

mission for \$500,000 in addition to the \$1,000,000 already given. A Louisiana Congressman says that before any more money is granted, there will be a thorough investigation of the manner in which the \$1,000,000 was spent.

Cattle are dying rapidly in Marshall County, West Virginia, of a disease which begins in the hoof, causing a swelling of the leg to an enormous size, death resulting in twenty-four hours.

A butcher at Gibraltar, believed to be insane, murdered the Vicar-General of the Diocese in the cathedral.

A courier from the British camp near Motonkay says a London dispatch has arrived at Kharb and reports that the rebels at Metemchi have become defiant since hearing of the fall of Kharboun. An attack on Gubat is expected at any moment. General Wolsey will remain quiet pending further orders.

He telegraphs that he will be unable to reach Kharboun in less than five weeks, when the hot season will have begun. He is still confident of his ability to attack Kharboun successfully and defeat the Fatah. Prophetic, but he admits that the operations necessary to achieve this end will now be difficult, not to say hazardous.

Col. Wilson is said to have had one man killed and five wounded while returning down the Nile from Kharboun.

The general opinion in military circles in England that Gordon is dead.

**WASHINGTON.**

Following is the official monthly public debt statement:

Bonds outstanding—	\$26,000,000
Four one-half per cent.	737,765.32
Four per cent.	129,400.00
Defunding certificates.	22,400.00
Nav. pension fund.	14,000.00
Total interest-bearing debt.	\$190,145.99

Market value—

\$65,955.16
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Debt bearing certificates.

94,797.81
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Certified deposit certificates.

22,470.21
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Fractional currency.

6,000.00
----------

Total without interest.

\$65,914.20
-------------

Total interest.

8,020.91
----------

Cash in Treasury.

400,941.93
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Decrease during January.

3,450.82
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Decrease since June 30, 1884.

40,921.91
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Current liabilities—

\$1,000,000
-------------

Debt of which interest has accrued.

6,035.04
----------

Gold and silver certificates.

215,450.01
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United States notes held for redemption.

30,130.00
-----------

Gold and silver certificates.

140,550.73
------------

Total.

\$190,145.99
--------------

Available assets—

\$190,341.93
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Bonds held by Pacific Railway.

1,000,000
-----------

Gold and silver certificates.

215,450.01
------------

United States notes held for redemption.

30,130.00
-----------

Gold and silver certificates.

140,550.73
------------

Interest paid by companies.

By transportation services.	\$10,000.00
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By cash payments, 6 per cent net earnings.

65,108
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Interest paid by United States.

5,842.11
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Stephen, a country store-keeper in the vicinity of New Albany, Ind., undertook to stop the operations of a burglar by keeping watch all night with a shotgun. When the intruder appeared, the old man fired both barrels. Lighting his lamp, he found his son dangerously wounded.

Advised from Ottawa, Ont., report of a stock company has been organized at Davenport, Iowa, for the purpose of forming a cemetery. The movement originated with some of the leading German citizens.

Reports of a stock company has been organized at S. W. Tallmadge, Secretary of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, in regard to the area, condition, and prospects of the winter wheat crop throughout the United States show that the acreage sown is considerably less than last year, and that the condition of the growing crop is not up to the standard owing to the severity of the winter.

S. C. Merrill, General Superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, died at Milwaukee. George W. Bowen, who valiantly claimed the Immense estate of Madame Tussaud as an illegitimate son, died in Providence, at the age of 91. Joseph Grinnell, who recurred a seduction of letters passed to a female in Congress a number of years ago, breathed his last at New Bedford, a Cincinnati dispatch records the demise of Henry Kessier, formerly Sheriff. Samuel

Spangler, a prominent citizen of the city, died at the age of 70.

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